

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## THE SIEGE AND DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM 1800 YEARS AGO.

It is no fabled magnificence that has made itself historic—the splendour of Jerusalem. There remain the accounts of the eye-witnesses of the sublime city before its fall. The mind was filled with wonder as it contemplated the grandeur. A Ruskin or a Pugin would have looked upon Jerusalem with ecstasy of delight. Christ looked with sympathy, with moral sensitiveness and prophetic awe. He saw its ruin in the life of its people. Men in general would have been satisfied with the symmetry of its public buildings and the artistic skill and wealth of thought built into its courts, and temples, and walls, and could not have understood the tears of Jesus.

With what touching language the Psalmist describes Jerusalem, a city that is built and knit together:—"Pray for the peace of her, they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls and prosperity in thy palaces, and for the sake of my brethren and companions I will say, now peace be within thee."

And for ages she has been in the minds of all religious people the type of the heavenly city, the new Jerusalem. It is well, perhaps, for the human race, to have those ideals of perfection, throwing along the pathway of their pilgrimage the light of a glory that has been, and pointing the aspiration of the heart to a better glory that shall be. It is possible some illusions may be mixed with the grandeur that comes to us from ancient times, like the tales of paradisaical peace and primitive innocence, yet still there are some facts on which this fame of splendour of the capital of the Jews has been built. It would appear, from the strength of its fortifications and its three encircling walls, to have been almost invulnerable. Its lofty

towers and parapets in dazzling blocks of marble were so fitted together that they seemed hewn out of the solid quarry. Its "Palace of the Kings" was of extraordinary size and splendour—its tower of Antonia most picturesque and striking. High above the city rose the Temple, uniting the commanding strength of a citadel with the splendour of a sacred edifice. Its pillars were of sparkling whiteness—its surrounding courts of exceeding richness. But the objects which excited the greatest admiration were its twelve gateways. The tenth—called the beautiful gate of the Temple—was of Corinthian brass of the finest workmanship. The height of the gate was eighty-seven and a-half feet, and its door seventy feet.

The father of Tiberius, Alexander, had sheeted these gates with gold and silver. His apostate son was to witness their ruin by the plundering hands and fiery torches of his Roman friends. Indeed, the city was so brilliantly and plentifully adorned with gold that, at its fall, when this gold came into the hands of the Roman Government, the value of gold depreciated all over the Roman Empire. One gateway was called the golden gateway of the Temple, all lined over with this glittering metal. The roof the Temple, composed of sheets of silver, was all set over with sharp golden spikes, and was at a distance like a "mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles." This was the city over which the Saviour sat and wept, and which he knew was doomed in the course of a few years to lie as one heap of undistinguished ruins. The solid Temple itself—its lofty battlements, its rich palaces, which all seemed built for eternity—had, to the eye of Christ, not one stone left upon another. Christ had, more than once, said that a day of judgment would overtake the city. Much had been done for that nation. They had filled

up the measure of their iniquity instead of the measure of their usefulness, and the ruin was threatening, the crisis of Jewish history was at hand.

As great events cast their shadows before them, so this awful judgment had its forerunners in a most unhappy state of feeling that pervaded many a family. In a kind of frenzy, some walked about Jerusalem wringing their hands and raising sad lamentations of "Woe, woe to Jerusalem." Signs, it is said, were seen in the heavens. No doubt the melancholy mood of many of the inhabitants transfigured itself in ominous appearances. About the year 65 the Christians retreated from the city to Pella, beyond Jordan, for they remembered the predictions of their master, and believed that destruction was near.

The Jews began to be most cruelly treated by their conquerors, and all kinds of insults were offered them. At last, stung by insult, a rebellion broke out against the Romans, and the imperial troops were defeated and slain.

This led at once to the wildest anarchy and to the quickening of different factions, headed by most daring and cruel men, who conducted themselves much worse than their conquerors had done. The thoughtful, and the moderate, and the pious in Jerusalem now saw the sure and certain ruin of the city, and they did not conceal their sorrow. Instead of the sounds of triumph, silence, dejection, and melancholy reigned.

The Jewish nation had now taken up arms against a power which included in its strength all the civilised world, and with the exception of some tribes here in England, all the world was at peace with Rome.

In the year A.D. 69, about 80,000 Roman soldiers entered Palestine to reconquer that country, and they speedily took one city and town after another, just as the Prussians took the smaller towns of France last year.

One great source of weakness and misery in Jerusalem was the internal discord and riot that almost continually reigned among themselves. Bands of Jewish robbers had scourged the whole country round, despoiling their own people, and now they took refuge in Jerusalem, formed a great faction, and were continually fighting, robbing, and murdering one another.

For a moment look upon that unhappy city, threatened with a powerful army and in a state of complete anarchy, the streets were full of armed men in continual insurrection. The temple and other places were covered with the slain of their own people, by their own people. An invitation was sent by one robber band, which was driven into a corner of Jerusalem, to another band like themselves some distance off. This band hastened to Jerusalem for spoil, got admission by night and joined their companions, and slew in and around the temple not less than 12,000 of the noblest of the Jewish families. This fearful element kept up a continual warfare, and killed all they pleased. Josephus says, "He who paid them no court was stigmatised as haughty, he who spoke boldly as one who despised them, he who merely flattered them as a traitor; they had but one punishment for great or small offences—death; none but the very meanest in rank and fortune escaped their hands."

The Roman commanders, hearing of all this, delayed their march, and said that, like wild beasts, those people would tear each other in pieces.

It was in the spring of the year 70 that Vespasian, Emperor of Rome, commanded his son Titus to move on Jerusalem, to chastise the city for its rebellion against Rome.

At this time there were *three* men at the head of the chief factions in Jerusalem—Eleazar, who occupied the Temple and the most elevated part of the city; John, who occupied another part of the city; and Simon, who had last entered Jerusalem. These three leaders were continually at war trying to cripple and destroy each other; but now the Roman power was before them, and they must unite against the common enemy. It was also the spring time of the year, when so many tens of thousands came up to the Pentecostal feast, usually with light hearts and full of hope and gladness. It is said that hundreds of thousands had rushed from distant countries that they might save the Holy City. The city, in spite of tyranny, and sedition, and robbery, was full of people when the siege of Jerusalem began.

In the first days of the siege the whole country round was utterly shorn of its beautiful trees, which were used both by the defenders of Jerusalem and their as-

sailants. The historian says "the blooming gardens, with their bubbling fountains and cool water-courses, in which the inhabitants of Jerusalem had enjoyed sweet hours of delight and recreation, were ruthlessly swept away. The trees (now in their spring flower) fell before the axe; the landmarks were thrown down; the water-courses were destroyed; even the deep and shady glens were levelled, and filled up with the masses of rugged and picturesque rocks which used to overshadow them. Before the siege was over not a tree was left standing within ten miles of the city. All the delicious gardens, the fruitful orchards, the shady avenues, where in the days of peace and happiness the inhabitants of the devoted city had enjoyed the luxury of their delicious climate, the temperate days of spring, and the cool summer nights, were utterly destroyed. It was a lamentable sight to behold the whole gay and luxuriant suburban region turned to a frightful solitude."

Invested, as the city was, with nearly two millions of persons inside, it was evident there would soon be a scarcity of provisions. It is truly heartrending to read the accounts, for there was no proper government of the city; but the desperadoes went about from house to house and took by force whatever food they could find. The looks of the wretched creatures in their homes were the marks by which they judged whether they had any secret store or not; the pale and emaciated face told the plunderer to pass on. Rich people were known to have sold the whole of their property for a measure of wheat. Every kind feeling, love, respect, and natural affection were extinguished through this all-absorbing want. Wives snatched the last morsel from their husbands, children from parents, and mothers from children. Men would fight their dearest friend for a morsel of bread; the strong took from the weak, and the weak reeled in the streets like drunken men. The houses were full of dying women and children; the streets with old men gasping out their last breath. There was no sorrow, no wailing, they had not strength to moan; they sat with dry eyes and mouths drawn up with a kind of bitter smile. The more hardy looked with envy on those who had already breathed their last—there was a deep and heavy silence over the whole city.

Many sought to escape from the city, but these were cruelly put to death by the Romans to deter them. As many as five hundred deserters from Jerusalem could be seen in a morning writhing on crosses before the walls. They fulfilled the language of Scripture, choosing death rather than life. So fearful was the mortality that, from the 14th April, when the siege began, to the 1st of July, 115,880 had been buried at the public expense. Six hundred thousand of the poorer people perished during the siege. There are different opinions about the number that perished by hunger, fire, and sword; all agree it was fearful. Josephus gives it as 1,100,000 in all at Jerusalem, and 200,000 more in all the provinces.

The Romans, by daring conduct and great sacrifices, carried first one wall and then another, and drove the defenders to the citadel and towers, and the Temple, and then commenced the firing of the city. Titus had no desire to destroy the city at first, but he was driven by obstinate resistance to follow the enemy from point to point. They sheltered in the Temple, and he addressed them, "You have put up a barrier to prevent strangers from polluting your Temple, this the Romans have always respected. We have allowed you to put to death all who violated its precincts. Yet ye defile it yourselves with blood and carnage. I call on your gods, I call on my whole army, I call on the Jews who are with me, I call on yourselves to witness, that I do not force you to this crime. Come forth and fight in any other place, and no Roman shall violate your sacred edifice." It was of no avail; overborne, exhausted, famine-stricken, still the Jews fought inch by inch. The Romans commenced to fire parts of the city. The Jews fired some parts in defence, and the Romans fired other parts to destroy and conquer the resistance. Blazing torches were applied, the wood kindled, and several places being on fire, the Jews stood utterly astounded to find themselves, like wild beasts, in a burning forest, encircled and doomed to death. Hemmed in on every side, their courage often sank. They stood gasping, motionless, and helpless; not a hand was raised to stop the progress of the conflagration. Six of the chief officers of the army of Titus were formed as a council to decide whether or not that splendid Temple

should be utterly destroyed, and they were equally divided. Titus gave his vote against the destruction of the Temple.

It was on the 10th of August, 70. It was a quiet summer evening. The setting sun shone for the last time on the sun-white walls and glistening pinnacles of the Temple. The Temple was fired. It was done by a soldier without orders. Titus rushed on to have the flames quenched. It was all in vain. The whole summit of the hill was soon like one blazing volcano. It was an awful sight, and one great cry of anguish and desolation was raised. And yet it was not till September that every part of the city was subdued to the Roman arms. Then the soldiers were weary of the work of slaughter.

Thus fell, and for ever, Jerusalem—the holy city—the pride of the Jews, the perfection of beauty, and the praise of the whole earth. She was levelled with the ground; her people were slain or perished with hunger, or carried captive to Greece, the triumph of Titus. Her children over seventeen years of age were sent to Egypt to work in the mines, or sold as slaves over the Roman provinces. Many of her stoutest and most handsome men were reserved for the exhibitions of the gladiators and the cruelty of pagan sports or theatres with wild beasts.

“The city that rung with praise, and that teemed with population, was made desolate. All her glory was gone, her beauty departed. The adversary spread his hand over her pleasant things—the heathen entered into her sanctuary, even the holy of holies.”

### LOST MEN.

By DR. BELLONS.

WHAT is a lost man in society? When may the world be said to have lost a man? Are there not lost men of every rank and grade, and of every order of education and talents and disposition? Whatever cuts a man off from allegiance to social order and laws; whatever makes a man reckless, uncertain, and abandoned to self-will, destroys him for this world's salvation. Socially, he is a lost man. Let him have the most brilliant talents, and the best disposition, and be intemperate, and he is a lost man. Let him be studious, thoughtful, and sober in all other respects, but publicly violate

the sanctity of the conjugal tie, invade another man's home, or desecrate his own, he is a lost man. Let him defy the moral sentiments of the world with an atheistic creed, and he is a lost man. Let him come under the stigma of the criminal law, and no general culture or excellence in special directions can make him anything but a lost man—and his attitude is not merely an effect, it immediately becomes a cause.

Society represents in this world what God is in the other—the sovereign power. To despise it, to defy it, is ruin, and it is ruin in two ways: by bringing down ruinous consequences, and by bringing out ruinous dispositions. The moment anything (except always duty) places a man beyond the pale of public confidence or recognition, it places him in a malignant, hostile and most perilous attitude towards society. His recklessness is increased by the frown or expulsion of society. Crime or social downfall—a position of public shame—releases a man not only from further obligations to the world, which will do nothing for him, but releases him from all obligations to himself. And the consequence is that nine out of ten of all mortified and rejected men, all social defaulters, and persons marked for suspicion, soon make their imperfect title to ruin entirely good by utter self-abandonment. We are saved in this world, as social beings, only by allegiance to the sovereign power. If we do not violate that we may have any other errors, faults, sins, and we are not lost men and women for this world. Now, this undeniable fact or principle, whose operation seems often so unjust and so superficial, owes its strength to its being a shadow of a permanent law in our being. We owe, as mortal beings, perfect allegiance to God our Sovereign. And the salvation of the soul is its loyalty to God. This loyalty is independent of age, or place, or culture. As the child or the man may be a rebel against parental or social authority, as recklessness and self-will may belong to any order of mind, so rebellion against God may belong to souls of all degrees of judgment, taste, endowments, or even kindly and interesting traits of character. And it may be negative or positive—in the form of an allegiance not recognised or an allegiance denied.

It is commonly in the form of an unrecognised alienation from God. But from

all and everywhere God demands the loyalty and obedience of his subjects and children under penalty of ruin or loss of the soul. When, through grievance, the world knew not God, and mankind were given up to self-will and self-worship, was there not a ruin of the soul of humanity?

What a dreadful waste and anarchy and moral and spiritual death hung over society in that condition of ignorant godliness. Why were the Jews an uncultivated, an obstinate, and a stiff-necked nation, who had abused their past privileges, chosen as the race from whom the Messiah sprung, and to whom the good and gracious news of the Gospel was first offered? Only because they recognised the sovereignty of God, as refined Greek and powerful Roman did not, and in this sole idea were nearer God and more vitally concerned with the fortunes of the race, and more in the right line of true progress than all the other noble and distinguished races of the globe! Now, what alienation from God or unconscious disloyalty did for the race of old, and what a return, in and under Christ, to allegiance, has done for the race since, rebellion does for the private soul and loyalty does for the individual spirit now. It may seem strange enough to us that the great and infinite God should care about our obedience or disobedience, our recognition or disavowal of His sovereignty. We feel that He has power to enforce it if He will, and that our voluntary service can add nothing to His glory. But we forget that He has made us free beings, and that a compulsory obedience from a free being is an extinction of His existence. A blow from a hammer may correct the aberrations of a watch, but only by dashing it in pieces. If our souls are to be saved, they can be saved only under the laws of their being, and allegiance to God their Source is the first or primary condition of their well-being. We are made to know and love and obey God as the first law of our safety. And not to know, love, and obey Him—to have no care about it, or conception in what it consists—wilfully to disregard the means of knowing Him which He has provided—to be depending upon something else for our happiness, no matter how worthy, or pure, or kind that something is—is to be in peril of the soul's loss.

## THE LESSON FROM THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

By A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

### I.—*The Question.*

INSULTED and beaten,  
His robe blood dyed,  
Women walk sorrowing  
By his side.  
A Cross next is added,  
Great is the weight,  
Destin'd to finish his  
Cruel fate.  
Thus burden'd he falls, but  
None volunteer,  
So Simon's compelled the  
Cross to rear.  
But whither wandering?  
And Who is he,  
That first was bearing the  
Cursed Tree?

### II.—*The Answer.*

Tis Christ! Follow thou him,  
If you'd become  
A child of Heaven, as  
God's true son.  
You who would love him, search,  
Read, mark, and learn,  
To strengthen the work, Christ  
Has begun.  
Seize the flying moments  
To help the weak;  
This is the LESSON the  
Cross will teach.  
The cross has no beauty,  
Fear passes by,  
Love only asks for the  
Reason why.

### III.—*The Lesson of the Cross.*

Upon the Cross lifted,  
Read, learn the plan,  
Pride schem'd to defeat the  
Son of man.  
Thorns form his diadem,  
Rough wood his throne,  
That all may shun him as  
A cursed one.  
No pillow under him  
To rest his head,  
Envy supplies a Cross  
For his bed.  
Nails pierce his hands and feet,  
His side a spear,  
But the Father's nigh, his  
Voice to hear.  
Gloom like to darkness,  
E'en though 'tis day,  
Comes o'er the soul whilst Christ  
They betray.  
Loud is his bitter cry,  
When left by all,  
For there's naught but nails to  
Save his fall.  
The dying thief e'en scoffs,  
Taught to mock him  
By those who betray'd and  
Denied him.

Gazing afar from him,  
Silent and lone,  
Women are weeping for  
Their loved one.

Jesus of Nazareth,  
Uplift above,  
In Vision they see their  
King of Love.

King of the poor, the weak,  
The fall'n, oppress,  
In our soul thou reign'st with  
The Highest.

#### IV.—*The Appeal.*

Children of grief and pain,  
Watch'd o'er by love,  
Christ calls thee to look to  
God above.

Christ saw us wandering  
Far off from good,  
In love he would bring us  
To our God.

For God, for us Jesus  
Gives up his life,  
That we might live for a  
Higher life.

'Twas not for himself, but  
Us that he wept,  
Then follow Christ whilst aught  
Of life's left.

#### V.—*The Response.*

Oh we will follow thee,  
Star of our soul,  
Through dark shades of grief, e'en  
To the goal.

The Cross may be heavy,  
The day seem long,  
But we'll endure whilst thou  
Art our song.

O God! we would be thine,  
Make us thine own,  
And deem us now as one  
With thy son.

Day by day we will strive  
To be like him,  
That where he is, we may  
Be with him.

### THE YOUNG THEOLOGIAN.

#### No. II.

"You have not yet told me anything about other people's religions, mamma," said Walter, as he walked with his mother in their pleasant garden on the following Sunday afternoon.

"I suppose you mean their belief, Walter. Religion is a feeling of the heart; the tie between God and man—that which brings us back to our Maker when wandering from the right way. This is true religion; that homage to a Supreme Being which calls forth all the better feelings of the heart, and makes man such as God made him, a noble creature, endowed with

the highest faculties, and capable of using them, while in obedience to the best impulses of his nature, and in purity of heart, he is, as a little child, fitted to enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Are there many so good, mamma?"

"I believe there are, my child; men who may be called saints, although they are never recognised on earth as such. In all ages God has found such witnesses to the blessed efficacy of religion."

"But were they all Christians, mamma?"

"They had the spirit of Christ, my dear, although some lived centuries before his birth. To be a Christian, remember, Walter, you must act like our Saviour. It is of no use to say you are a Christian, and then do things exactly contrary to the example and precepts of our Lord."

"How, then, mamma?"

"Suppose, after hearing the text, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth,' you should quarrel with a schoolfellow, and aim a blow at him on some trifling occasion. Do you think that would be Christ-like?"

"No, certainly, mamma."

"Suppose, again, you were called ugly names and severely beaten without any provocation on your part, when, instead of resenting such injury, you stood patiently under the infliction, and neither gave blow for blow nor word for word. How would it be then?"

"That would be acting rightly, mother. In a little like our Saviour."

"In a little, as you say, my child; but such conduct is great in the sight of God. Most precious to Him are those children who act in obedience to His will. How, then, must He have regarded our Saviour, whose life was spent in devotion to the good of his fellow-creatures, and in self-sacrifice for their sake."

"Ah, mamma, if we could all be like him!"

"It would then be heaven on earth, my child. May we not hope that in a future world we may experience such bliss, when all that obstructs our progress here will be removed, and we shall enjoy the society of the just, made perfect in peace and love?"

"But do you think people of all beliefs will meet in heaven?"

"Certainly, my child, if they have done God's will upon earth, and acted rightly, according to their knowledge of the truth?"

"But what is the truth, mamma?"

"Ah, there is the difficulty in our way, my dear. We think the Unitarian creed or belief is true, while the Trinitarians think they are right; and, moreover, say that every one who does not agree with them cannot be saved, but will be lost for ever."

"Do they really say so, mother?"

"They say so, my dear, but I doubt if they really think it; otherwise they would surely devote every moment of their lives to convert the whole world to their belief. It must be sad, indeed, to imagine that we shall lose for ever the companionship of dear friends whom we have loved and valued on earth."

"What do they mean by the Trinity?"

"I will answer you in a Trinitarian's own words. The Catholic faith is this, that we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity. The Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God. And yet they are not three gods, but one God. Trinity relates to three, and unity to one. We must believe that three can make one."

"That is perfect nonsense, mamma. How can three make one?"

"Wiser people than ourselves cannot solve that question, my dear. To me this Catholic belief is perfectly incomprehensible."

"And so it is to me, mamma. Where do they find their belief?"

"Not in the Bible, certainly. Only one text confirmed this doctrine, and that is now found to be an interpolation, and is left out of every new edition."

"What is an interpolation?"

"It is a word or a text inserted which did not originally belong to the book in which it is written. Even an additional letter may make a difference in the Hebrew language, in which the Old Testament is written. There is therefore a difficulty in translating certain passages; so, in studying the Scriptures, we must consider their general sense; that is, in other words, the spirit of the whole book, and in doing so (according to our idea) the Almighty is represented as one Supreme Being, 'sole God and Father, undivided one,' a belief which the Hebrews seem especially set aside to maintain, in opposition to the false idolatry of other nations. Our Saviour himself was born a Jew, and respected all

the rites of his nation; but he spoke boldly against the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, a sect or portion of the Jews who were full of self-conceit and what is called self-righteousness, despising all who would not attend to minute superstitious observances like themselves."

"Are there any Pharisees now, mamma?"

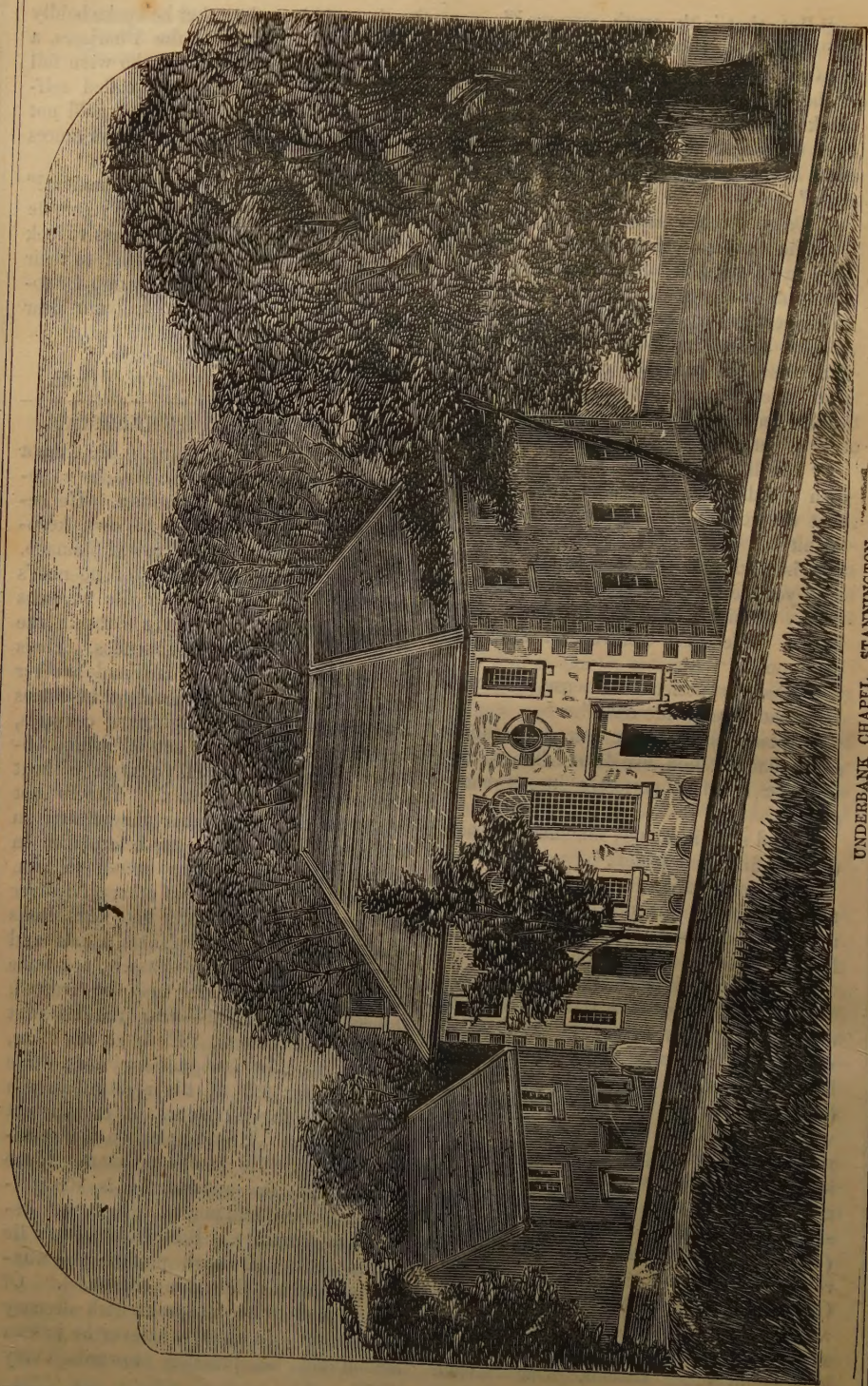
"There are many people who resemble them, my dear, from their readiness to look down on those of a different belief to their own. But we have talked enough for today, Walter. Now sing me a hymn, dear child."

"I'll sing 'God is love,' mother."

R. E.

#### THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

HE is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He takes selfish advantage of no man's mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendos. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbours' counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at his window, or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He professes no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted, himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonour. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to scurrility. Billingsgate don't lie in his track. From all profane and wanton words his lips are chastened. Of woman and to her he speaks with decency and respect. In short, whatever he judges honourable he practises towards every man.



UNDERBANK CHAPEL, STANNINGTON.

### UNDERBANK CHAPEL, STANNINGTON.

STANNINGTON is situated within about four miles of Sheffield. It is a long, straggling village. Its inhabitants are closely connected with the town and trades of Sheffield, as small manufacturers and agriculturists.

In Hunter's "History of Hallamshire," we learn, "That in this part of the large chapelry of Bradfield the inhabitants must have been prevented from attending with anything like regularity their chapel in the long distance. The roads, he says, were, at the best of times, scarcely passable, in the winter season not at all." This moved one Richard Spooone, of Stannington, to establish a place of worship. A chapel was, therefore, built in 1652 or 1653, and endowed with some lands for the support of a minister by the aforesaid Richard Spooone. This chapel was taken down in 1742 and a new one built (the present chapel) by Thomas Marriot, of Ughill, four miles from Stannington. He further endowed the chapel he caused to be built with a view to proper provision for a minister. It would be tedious to mention all the names of the ministry who have been settled at Stannington since 1652.

I will mention a few: from 1657 to 1662 Isaac Derwent officiated; his name occurs in "Calamy's List of Ejected Nonconformists." From 1689 to 1696 one Abraham Dawson was settled here. In his lifetime the Book of Common Prayer ceased to be used. The first distinctly Unitarian minister appointed here was a Mr. Gibson; he held the living from 1785 to 1794. In the latter year Mr. Meenly succeeded Mr. Gibson, and officiated until the year 1814; he is spoken of as one whose name will long be mentioned with veneration and respect by the inhabitants, as a kindly and charitable man. He was followed by the Rev. Peter Wright, who held the living till his decease in 1854. The following year the Rev. M. A. Moon was selected as his successor. He remained here until 1863. After a brief interval, during which the pulpit was temporarily supplied, the Rev. Henry Hill, the present minister, was elected. This was in February, 1864. In 1867 the interior of the chapel was completely cleared away. Now the internal arrange-

ments are thoroughly modernised, we have a light, airy comfortable chapel instead of a dull, damp place of worship. This was effected at a cost of nearly £500. There is a neat little burial ground, which holds the remains of many dear friends connected with the congregations of Stannington and Sheffield. Near the chapel is a large schoolroom, built in 1853, which cost about £600, which is used as a day and Sunday school. Though the congregation live, for the most part, a long way from the chapel, yet a good average attendance is gained throughout the year. This chapel, known as "The Underbank Chapel," will, we trust, in the future, continue to have as deep a hold upon the memory of the many good and faithful ones who think kindly of its past and present associations, as its history and influence have hitherto been for good upon the population by which it is surrounded.

### THE DIVINE BENEFICENCE.

SUPPOSE that, early in this year, the whole world had bent itself in supplication to the Infinite Ruler—every man and woman, from the Arctic Circle to the hot Equator, kneeling in the humility of conscious dependence, and lifting up from every zone the prayer, "Forsake us not this year, great Benefactor, but bless in our helplessness, from the treasury of thy goodness." And suppose that, after such a verbal petition, the supply had come—that in every house had been found the water and the stores, the bounties of vegetable and animal food—how surprising would the miraculous mercy have seemed!

But how much more surprising and inspiring is the real wonder than such a shower upon a barren globe would be! With few prayers for it, the great miracle has been wrought, and in the double way of beauty and bounty. For what is the destiny of the seasons? Is not the quickening of nature in the early months of the year as though God smiles upon the earth at the Equator, and then the spreading wave of that benignity sweeps northward, rolling back the winter line, loosing the fetters of the frost, melting snows into fertilising juices, pressing the cold clouds further and further back, and, from the tropics to the edges of the polar seas, gladdening the soil till it utters in spreading verdure the visible green lyrics of its

joy? And the summer! Is it not the warm effluence of His breath that flows northward and reveals the infinite goodness as it floats through the southern groves and fills the fruits with sweetness, thickens the sap of the sugar-fields, nourishes the rice-plants, feeds the energies of the temperate clime, blesses the hardy orchards and the struggling wheat and corn, and dies amid the everlasting ice, after completing the circuit of its mission in clothing the northern woods with life?

And then the many-hued pomp of harvest comes, when the more ruddy light and the gorgeous colouring repeat the joy of the Creator in the vast witnesses of His beneficence, and the tired fields yield the labourers their ample bounty, and seem to whisper, "Take, O children of men, and be grateful, until the course of the stupendous miracle is renewed."

If we could see the wheat woven by fairy spinners, and the apples rounded and painted and packed with juice by elfin fingers—or if the sky were a vast granary or provision store, from which our needs were supplied in response to verbal prayers, who could help cherishing a constant undertone of wonder at the miraculous forces that encircle us? But consider how much more amazing is the fact! Consider how, out of the same moisture, the various flavours are compounded! The dew that drops in the tropics is transplanted into the rich orange liquor, and banana pulp, and sweet substance of the fig; the pomegranate stores itself with fine fragrance and savour from it, the various colours and qualities of the grape are drawn from it, and on the temperate orchards the rain is distilled in the dark arteries of trees, into the rich juice of the peach and the pear, the apple and the plum. When a travelling trickster pours several different liquors from one bottle into cups for the spectators it is called magical. Yet nature, not by deception, but actually, does pour for us one tasteless liquid into all the varieties of taste which the vegetable world supplies. If by a miracle kindred with that of Christ at Cana a jar of water could be to-night converted within your houses into wholesome wine, would it be so admirable as the ways in which the vines make wine upon the hill-side, out of the vapour and sunlight, at the bidding of God?—*T. S. King.*

## THE DEATH OF JO.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Jo is in a sleep or in a stupor to-day, and Allen Woodcourt, newly arrived, stands by him, looking down upon his wasted form. After a while he softly sits himself upon the bedside with his face towards him—just as he sat in the law-writer's room—and touches his breast and heart. The heart had very nearly given up, but labours on a little more.

The trooper stands in the doorway, still and silent. Phil. has stopped a low, clinking noise, with his hammer in his hand. Mr. Woodcourt looks round with that grave, professional interest and attention on his face, and glancing significantly at the trooper, signs to Phil. to carry his table out. When the little hammer is next used, there will be a speck of rust upon it.

"Well, Jo, what's the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," said Jo, who has started, and is looking round,—"I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone's again. Ain't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I ain't took back to Tom-all-Alone's, am I, sir?"

"No."

Jo closed his eyes, muttering, "I'm very thankful."

After watching him closely for a little while, Allen put his mouth very near his ear, and said to him, in a low, distinct voice—

"Jo, did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never knowd nothing, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir; nothing at all. Mr. Chadband's, he was a-prayin' wunst at Mr. Snagsby's, and I heerd him; but it sounded as if he was a-speaking to hisself, and not to me. He prayed a lot; but I couldn't make nothing on it. Different times there was other gen'l'men come down Tom-all-Alone's a-prayin'; but they all mostly sed as the t'other one's prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a talkin' to their selves, or a passin' blame on t'others, and not a-talking to us. We never knowd no-thing. I never knowd what it was all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or, hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep, or

stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that berrying ground, sir," he returned, with a wild look.

"Lie down and tell me. What burying ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as wos so very good to me—very good to me, indeed he wos. It's time for me to go down to that berrying ground, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there to be buried. He used for to say to me, 'I am as poor as you, to-day, Jo,' he says. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By and by, Jo—by and by."

"Ah! p'raps they wouldn't do it if I wos to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and have me laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thank'ee, sir—thank'ee, sir. They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it is allus locked. And there is a step there as I used for to clean with my broom. It's turning very dark, sir. Is there any light a-coming?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast! The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a-gropin'—a-gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anything as you say, sir, for I know it's good."

"OUR FATHER."

"Our father!—yes, that's very good, sir."

"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

"Art in Heaven—is the light a comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

"Hallowed be—thy——"

The light came upon the dark benighted way. Dead!

Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day.

## A WORD ABOUT FASTING.

JESUS was teacher in the highest and best sense of the word. His grand object was to set before men those grand central principles of thought and action which are truly

"The light of all our seeing  
And the life of all our being."

For, indeed, all goes wrong if we see not rightly here. So that, if he set before us certain great immutable principles of thought and action, and made them prominent, it was not more that he might supply a light to live and die by, than to furnish a chart by which we might safely steer our way through every other inquiry and every other pursuit. Pity for the man who comes to the discovery of these grand truths and principles of action *last* instead of *first*, or who, perceiving them, forgets to hold them fast; pity him, for assuredly he *needs* your pity.

And Jesus did not simply announce those principles—he *applied* them. The light which he bore about with him, and which indeed seemed a veritable part of himself—innate, not acquired—this light he held up unhesitatingly to whatever invited or engaged public attention; to ecclesiastical and social ideas and usages, as well as to the individual man. Woe to the institution, or usage, or class of men which would not bear the light of his torch, if it confronted him in his path! And yet, mixed with his unsparing denunciations of wrong and corruption, there was a wonderful tenderness in his manner of dealing with certain classes of men, and certain usages, in favour of which, as it might seem to us, not so very much could be said. How he could tolerate some things, how he could denounce certain other things, and what strange cross lights, as it were, passed from him at times upon the subjects he handled, the text itself supplies an example.

"When ye fast!" Shall we say, then, that Jesus approved of fasting? Undoubtedly, a qualified assent at the very least is here given by him to the practice; and that being the case, and there being good men who hold by it, it might be worth our while to inquire for a moment whether or no it is capable of being turned to a practical use. Nay, eating, while it is the means of bodily sustenance, is also a bodily gratification; and this is just what moral evil, in its more prominent forms, is—it is

a bodily, a sensual indulgence. But do link the two together in this way to condemn both? That would be conspicuous folly; but I do so to give me an opportunity to point out this fact, that both being, as it were, of the same family, and composed of the same material, if we can be induced to put an occasional check on the innocent indulgence we shall probably gain the means of weakening, or keeping under check, the power of the sinful indulgence. Oh, it is not a small thing, but a very great thing, to arm ourselves in this kind of way, or in any way, *if it be* an arming at all; for it is a terrible thing when our animal appetites, our passions, come to gain the mastery over us—a terrible, awful thing—for it is like coming under a grip of iron, from which we can by no means extricate ourselves; and what makes it the worse for us is that it is possible to pass into this condition without the least suspicion of the danger we are in. What then, I say, if we take this animal nature of ours where it is comparatively easy to do so, and which comes daily under our notice—what if we take our common appetites of eating and drinking, and keep them under, occasionally to absolute repression, how likely is it that we shall thus gain greater power over our sinful ones? Indeed, I cannot but think that the lawful appetite is set right over against the unlawful—is made, as it were, of precisely the same stuff—that it might save us, for the very purpose I have indicated; might serve us, as it were, as a citadel, where we may keep constant watch over the other, or as a pulse by which we may test its power, as one weapon at least by which we may reduce it to subjection again. But, perhaps I may be able to state the case more clearly if I put it thus:—*Could you deny yourself, if you wished to, in the small matter of eating and drinking? Could you, for example, forego your customary meals for a single day? Because then you may fairly trust that the rein over your whole animal nature is still in your hands, or if you have lost it you have hopes of regaining it again.* “I keep my body in subjection,” says Paul; and I cannot but think that one means of doing so—for the connection is direct and intimate—is to guard it where, as I have said, it is comparatively easy to do so, and the opportunity for which is constantly occurring,

viz., in the matter of eating and drinking. If fasting have any use at all, it is in this; that it has use as bearing *directly* upon the spiritual condition I do not believe.

“When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance, for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily, they have their reward.”

There was a class of men, it appears, in his day who made a trade of their religion—who, as it were, took it to market to see what they could make of it. Is this class extinct even yet? Those demure faces, those solemn tones; do they always denote real seriousness of character? But why should not people take their religion, like their stock or capital, to market, and make what they can of it? *Why not?* Because there are some things of so pure and ethereal a nature that it is a very desecration of them to put them to this common use. What, sell our *convictions*, our *sense of right*, our *love and pity*? Why, common decency itself is outraged at the sight. But, perhaps, we are not proposing to *sell* them, we only mean to *exhibit* them, and if we can make a profit of them in this way, why should we not? But in the mere parade of them there is something disgusting, as we all feel; and if we parade them with a view to *gain* in any shape, it is to stand self-condemned in our own act. No, there are some things which we would feel ashamed to own, that we mixed up, even in the *remotest degree*, with considerations of earthly gain or show. Such things, for instance, as our veracity, our integrity, our sense of honour, our love to others, our love to God. These things, confessedly, are too *precious for sale*, too *private for parade*. They are such things as are not to be lived by, but to be lived *for*; they must stand *alone* in our estimation, or, properly speaking, they stand nowhere—have no real existence. And hence Jesus here denounces such men as make a show of their religion as “hypocrites,” mere actors of a part—traders, as it were, with a capital which they know to be fictitious. They were “hypocrites,” for the religion for which they sought to gain credit had, to their own guilty knowledge, no existence.

And what makes religion hypocrisy the worst kind of any is the fact that it is practised in full view of every consideration which should withhold a man from

it. All hypocrisy is a lie acted in the presence of God, but this is a lie acted in his *avowed acknowledged* presence. Men might be hypocritical in common matters and think nothing about God at all; but religion, in any form, always presupposes a distant recognition of the presence and awful scrutiny of God. So, religious hypocrisy is not merely acting as if God did not see us, but while, virtually, the language is on our lips, "Thou, God, dost see me." It is not merely acting as if God did not know our hearts, but while we are, in substance, acknowledging that He does know our hearts. It is the daring impiety of the act—the bold challenge of high heaven itself—that makes religious hypocrisy the worst kind of any and the most hideous of sins.

"But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast."

The simple meaning of this direction is—while engaged in this act do nothing to call men's attention to the fact—appear as usual, and go about your business as usual. Recollect it is a fasting not unto men, but unto God; it is a physical exercise for a purely spiritual and moral end; and therefore let it be, whether to avoid a great sin or get a real good, a purely private exercise, known only to yourself and God.

I spoke just now of the cross lights, as it were, which sometimes passed from the lips of Jesus upon the subject he was handling, and of the text as affording an example of it. Jesus is here discussing the comparatively small question of fasting when he incidentally, and without design, as it would seem, lets out a very flood of light upon another and larger subject. *What*, does he say, is the true aspect for you and me and all of us to present to this human life of ours? This, the "*anointed head and the washed face*," a bright, joyful, beaming aspect. "The anointed head and washed face." Jesus sought out *this* as a fitting and proper aspect, and what he says to each one of us is, "Go forth cheerfully and hopefully into the life which lies before thee. Men call it a 'vale of tears;' 'a waste howling wilderness;' 'a fallen, wicked, ruined world.' It is nothing of the kind, but a bright, happy, good world, the very expression of its loving Maker's thought; and it calls for, not sackcloth and ashes, not tears and repinings, but songs of

praise and thanksgiving; not a downcast look and sad countenance, but the "*anointed head and washed face*," a holiday aspect, rather. It has its clouds, but the blue sky overarches all; it has its difficulties and struggles, but so the all-conquering will is called forth, and we are made men of. It has its temptations, but so the man strong in his rectitude is formed; it has its changes and vicissitudes, but, as we are drawn out to seek the *unchangeable*, it has its losses, but the worst of these eternity will repair; it has its seasons of bitter sorrow and disappointment, but so we are weaned from a world, which, bright and good as it is, is not our *final* home. Whatever is apparently against us in it we may turn to a good account; whatever is good we may hope to exchange one day for something infinitely better. It calls for hope, and trust, and joy; for its Master is our Father, and a world of His making cannot be less his house than the bright heavens above which we hope one day to enter. Go, then, "*anoint thy head and wash thy face*." You, child-born as it were, but yesterday, and welcomed into the world with the warm welcome of relatives and friends, do not doubt but that these greetings echo also His voice who made thee! You, young man, just entering upon the scenes of acting life—just entering upon that strange land so full of shapes which at once attract and repel—look you warily to your steps, but go cheerfully forth, doubting nothing—go, with a proud joy that you are called to a *struggle* as the pathway to the final goal. You, old man, just about to step into a sea all unknown; if, indeed, you have sought to please and serve God in the past, then fear not to take that step, for the God of the present is also God of the future, and you cannot go beyond the reach of His fatherly care. And you, too, penitent, bemoaning, and humbly confessing your sins, if your penitence be sincere, then lose not heart, but throw yourself fearlessly on God's infinite compassion, and, forgetting the things that are behind, press onward to those which are before. All of you, whatever you are, or have been, if your hearts are but set to serve God, be not of a "sad countenance," but "*anoint your head and wash your face*," for His whole message to man is—be good and be happy. S.

## I KISS THE HAND THAT GIVES TO ALL.

It was a calm October day, afar up the Levant. For several hours I had been wandering in that famous Mohammedan burying-ground, Scutari, Asia. This cemetery, three miles in length, and somewhat irregular in shape, is tastefully surrounded and beautifully shaded with tall cypresses. On nearly every tomb-stone was carved a turban. The Mohammedan's mother was usually buried nearest him. It is a mark of honour. "I can have many wives," says he, "but only one mother."

The scenery was so strange, so half entrancing, that time passed unheeded. The sun now low in the west, I left the speaking monuments of mortality around me, and hastening to the shores of the Bosphorus, to take the steamer for Constantinople, saw appearing a venerable Turk, tall and turbaned, distributing coins and fruits to a group of ragged children standing by the wayside begging. The beneficence was as suggestive as patriarchal. When through with the deed of mercy, several of the children, stepping forward, bowed and kissed the giver's withered hand. Smiling he asked Allah to bless them, and then passed quietly on his way. The scene, purely Oriental, so touched my heart, that my eyes were immediately suffused with tears. It was a moment of transfiguration. Under the inspiration, my soul so warmed into love and sympathy for humanity that I, too, in spirit, kissed the old man's hand,—kissed, knowing it to be the hand of Ishmael, wrongfully said to be "against every man." Ay, God, whether known as Brahma, Allah, or Father, is good—human nature is good—all is good, and love is omnipotent. Seldom offending the critics with attempts at rhyme, because believing most efforts to voice sentiments in poetry could be better expressed by the use of plain substantial prose, I trust to the kindly nature of the reader this once for the following:—

The Orient sheds its shimmering haze  
O'er field and garden, sea and isle,  
And Asia's arch is red with rays  
That turn to gold each Islam pile;  
My heart is filled with warmth again—  
I feel for Moslems in their thrall;  
I only hate the hate of men,  
I love the heart that loveth all.  
Each soul hath stemmed some fearful storm,  
Each heart is chafed with wasting sore;

My life-boat wrecked in manhood's morn,  
Now drifteth like a shooting star.  
But oh! I have not lost the power  
Of sympathy at sorrow's call—  
For love inspires each fading hour,  
That love which feels—then gives to all.  
Oh think it not a vain conceit,  
That angel echoes linger still  
In hearts whose chords of music sweet  
The damps of earth can never chill.  
Ay, there are souls with holy love,  
Who like the circling stars may fall,  
But falling, rise to heaven above—  
I kiss the hand that helpeth all.

## FIRST ENUNCIATION OF ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

THE preserved literature of the first two hundred years of the Christian era does not give a paragraph in which the doctrine of endless punishment is announced. We first hear of it from Tertullian, respecting whom Dr. Thayer says:

"This father was originally a Pagan; by birth an African, and a lawyer by profession, of a fierce and fiery temper when provoked, and seems a fitting personage to stand godfather in the infernal baptism by which this doctrine was received into the Christian Church. He discourses on the subject of hell torment in the following exultant strain.—

"'You are fond of your spectacles,' said he to the Pagans; 'but there are other spectacles; that day disbelieved, derided by the nations, the last and eternal day of judgment, when all ages shall be swallowed up in one conflagration; what a variety of spectacles shall then appear! How shall I admire, how laugh, how rejoice, how exult, when I behold so many kings and false gods in heaven, together with Jove himself, groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness! So many magistrates, who persecuted the name of the Lord, liquifying in fiercer flames than they ever kindled against Christians; so many sage philosophers blushing in raging fire, with their scholars whom they persuaded to despise God and to disbelieve the resurrection; and so many poets shuddering before the tribunal—not of Rhadamanthus, not of Minos, but of the disbelieved Christ! Then we shall hear the tragedians more tuneful in the expression of their own sufferings; then we shall see the dancers far more sprightly amidst the flames; the charioteer all red hot in his burning car; and the wrestlers hurled, not upon the accustomed list, but upon a plain of fire.'

"The man who could write this may well be allowed the honour of giving to the monstrous doctrine of endless torments a place in the Christian Church; and we should have selected him of all others as its fitting representative in spirit, and in the savage and vindictive character of his feeling towards his enemies."

## THE GREAT CLOCK AT STRASBOURG.

### A TALK WITH CHILDREN.

A CLOCK is a wonderful sort of thing. But wonderful as the clock appears that stands on your mother's mantel, or in the corner of your grandmother's hall, it is nothing compared with some others I have seen.

Think of a clock as large as the front of the house you live in, and that will tell not only the hours and minutes of the day, but the days, weeks, and the months of the year, like an almanac; that tells all the movements of the sun, moon, and planets, and many other things beside.

This clock is in a great splendid church in the city of Strasbourg. Strasbourg was a French city until a few months ago, when the Prussians, who, you know, have been at war with France, conquered and took possession of it. Before the city was given up to them the Prussians fired a great many balls and shells into it, and some of them hit the church, but the clock was not hurt. Oh, how glad the people must have been, all through Europe and America, that it was not injured, for it is one of the wonders of the world!

I will tell you about it. First notice the dial plate, where, as in every clock, we tell the time of day. Over this dial you see a bell, and on each side of it the image of a little boy, as large as your baby brother. One of these little fellows has a mallet in his hand, and when a full hour arrives he strikes with it on the bell. The other holds an hour-glass which he turns over at the same moment.

Above the dial is a larger circle, which tells the motions of the stars, and next, over that, one which shows the changes of the moon. Just above this you see an alcove, in which is a grim, ugly looking figure, called Father Time. He has a bell in one hand and a scythe in the other, which, I suppose, is meant to show that when the time comes he cuts down every living being.

There are four figures that pass before this old Father Time, one each quarter of an hour. These represent the four stages of life. The first is a little child, the second a fair youth, the third a grown-up man, and the fourth an old person.

Above this alcove is another, in which you see a number of figures. The central one is our Saviour, and every day, at noon, the others, which are meant for the twelve apostles, march slowly past it, and bow, while the holy image lifts its hands in blessing upon them, and as the last one goes out, a monstrous cock, which you see perched on a pinnacle of the clock at the left hand, slowly flaps his wings, and crows three times. The crowing is as natural as life, and is so loud that it can be heard outside the church. You see on the clock many images besides, but they are only for ornament. I have explained all those which have motion and meaning; and all these are moved by machinery, which is arranged at the back of the clock, where there are large comfortable rooms. Stairs at the right hand lead up into these rooms, and there the workmen are always busy keeping all the parts of the machinery in repair. It took three hundred years to make this great clock perfect as it now is. At one time it stopped, and fifty years went by before any one was found who knew enough to put it in order again. It took a very wise head, I am sure, to find out how to do this, and it must take wise heads and skilful hands to keep it going.

When any of you go up the Rhine, it will be worth your while to journey by the way of Strasbourg, that you may visit the clock; and you must remember to be there just before twelve, that you may be ready to hear it strike that hour, when you will see the whole variety of movements which I have described. The apostles only take their walk once a day, and at that hour, and it is only then that the cock crows. So if you want to see the whole performance, be sure to be there at twelve o'clock.

I want to say one thing more. Wonderful as this clock is, it is but a poor piece of machinery in comparison with the perfect works of God, some of which this clock imitates. He who made the human body, and guides the motions of the planets, is truly "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."

## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

SERMONS.—John Wesley has the credit of saying, in behalf of shortsermons, "Few souls are saved after the first half-hour." Is it not equally true that few souls are saved when the temperature is below fifty degrees? We were never more convinced of "the foolishness of preaching" than some time ago, when we addressed a shivering assembly who would have relished, for that time only, a hotter theology than we could conscientiously preach to them. Few persons can think of their feet and their futurity at the same instant.

FANCY PRAYERS.—The late Duke of Wellington, when once passing a few days in the house of a friend, readily accepted the invitation to join the family at prayers before breakfast. Accordingly he came down in time and was in his place the first morning. The prayers read by the master of the house were not taken from the prayer-book of the Church of England, and the Duke, who as a soldier was used to obedience and to the respect for all lawful authority, remarked when the worship was over, "I observe that you use fancy prayers," and for the rest of his visit discontinued his attendance.

WE PASS FOR WHAT WE ARE.—A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than anyone else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assemblage that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of speed and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions. An older boy says to himself, "It's no use, we shall find him out to-morrow."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

HINTS TO PREACHERS.—And I said to Parson Bolles: "Parson, if you pulpit folks could set off godliness, and show how it would work well, wherever folks had a mind to put it, as well as those fellows set off one o' their machines, ther'd be a lookin' up in meetin' house matters. Astonishin' how they do talk. There was a man with Wood's Mower would ha' made you think there never was such a mower; and when we got clear o' him, there was a man with the Clipper, who made out his'n the best, just as clear; and then we come upon the Buckeye, and there it was agin; there warn't anything like that. But when this last man heard I had one to home, he stopped off short, 's much to say: 'No kind o' need o' wastin' talk on you.' There's another lesson for you, says I, Parson. It seems to me you waste a good deal o' powder on a good set o' folks, deacons and such; but what you want is, to save up your talkin' strength to warp in the outsiders."—*Hearth and Home.*

JESUS.—The mightiest heart that ever beat, stirred by the Spirit of God, how it wrought in his bosom! What words of rebuke, of comfort, counsel, admonition, promise, hope, did he pour out; words that stir the soul as summer dews call up the faint and sickly grass! What profound instruction in his proverbs and discourses, what wisdom in his homely sayings, so rich with Jewish life? What deep divinity of soul in his prayers, his action, sympathy, resignation!—*Theodore Parker.*

INTEREST IN A SERMON.—A gentleman once said to Rowland Hill: "It is sixty-five years since I heard you preach, and the sermon was well worth remembering. You remarked that some people are very squeamish about the manner of a clergyman in preaching, but you then added, 'Supposing one is hearing a will read expecting to receive a legacy, would you employ the time in criticising the lawyer's manner while reading it? No; you would give all your interest to ascertain if anything were left to yourself, and how much. Let that, then be the way in which you listen to the gospel.'"

RIGHT IS MIGHT.—As sure as God liveth, as sure as the Holy One of Israel is the Lord of Hosts, the Almighty, right is might, and ever was, and ever shall be so. Holiness is might, meekness is might, patience is might, humility is might, self-denial and self-sacrifice are might, faith is might, love is might, every gift of the spirit is might. The cross was two pieces of dead wood, and a helpless, unresisting man was nailed to it, yet it was mightier than the world, and triumphed, and will ever triumph over it. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but no pure holy deed, or word, or thought. On the other hand, might, that which the children of earth call so—the strong wind, the earthquake, the fire—perishes through its own violence, self-exhausted and self-consumed; as our age of the world has been allowed to witness in the most signal example. For many of us remember, and they who do not have heard from their fathers, how the mightiest man on earth—he who had girt himself with all might except that of right—burst like a tempest cloud, burnt himself out like a conflagration, and only left the scars of his ravages to mark where he had been. Who among you can look into an infant's face, and not see a power in it mightier than all the armies of Napoleon?—*Archibald Hare.*

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